Appropriate Appreciation

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Appropriate Appreciation

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Summary

Opera is too tired to undress himself after a long race, so he asks his trainer to help out

Notes

Oh boy oh boy oh boy here's another fic to start and not finish

Anyways I gave opera masc pronouns because that's my handsome radiant pretty boy prince and I love him

I like writing umas hope you enjoy

It gonna get nasty and sweaty

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

First place.

Was there truly anything else to consider?

Was there any reason for you to believe that any placement beneath the highest possible peak was enough?

At any point in your career, did you entertain the thought of being complacent? Knowing that your accomplishments were not the greatest they could ever be? That you were not number one?

Because even if you were, he was not. So was it any surprise when the digital racing board overhead flashed her name in first place?

Was it any surprise that every seat in the grand Tracen Academy stadium that had been packed to the brim, cheered out in unison? All aimed at the vibrant green turf below.

One arm shot into the air, a single finger pointed to the sky, a declaration to the heavens themselves. The roar of the crowd became a deafening explosion of applause and adoration. Your breath, which you hadn't realized you were holding, rushed out of you in a shaky, triumphant laugh.

You had to brace your hands on the railing in front of you, your legs suddenly feeling like jelly. He had done it. Again, time, after time, after time.

You stayed for a moment, soaking it in, watching him take a slow, regal victory lap, waving to his adoring fans. Even from here, you could see the sheer magnetism he exuded. He wasn’t just a racer catching his breath; he was a king, accepting the fealty of his subjects.

Giving your head a little shake to clear it, you turned and began to make your way down from the stands, your trainer’s pass bouncing precariously against your chest. The air on the ground level was even more chaotic, a swirling eddy of officials, reporters with flashing cameras, and other trainers consoling their charges.

You saw the other racers coming off the track, their powerful bodies glistening with a sheen of sweat, steam rising from their shoulders in the cool afternoon air. They were all giants, magnificent creatures of

sculpted muscle, but your attention was singular. Reserved for one and only.

T.M. Opera O stood near the winner's circle entrance, a radiant sun in a constellation of lesser stars. His chest rose and fell in deep, controlled breaths, but his posture was one of utter command.

You stopped a few feet away, waiting for a break in the small crowd of officials congratulating him. When he turned, his purple, ringed eyes scanned the area for a moment before landing on you. A brilliant, blinding smile bloomed on his face.

"Ahah!" He boomed, his voice a rich, theatrical alto that cut through the surrounding noise with ease. He beckoned you closer with a regal flick of his fingers.

As you closed the distance, you had to consciously stop yourself from staring. Walking beside him was like walking next to a marble monument that had decided to go for a stroll. The top of your head barely brushed the golden plackart strapped to his torso.

You were completely engulfed in his shadow, the sun shining a bright eclipse that only served to heighten his own flair.

"Opera," you started, your voice sounding small and thin next to his. You had to crane your neck to look up at his face. "That was… that was absolutely magnificent. A perfect race in every possible regard. Y-you were flawless!"

He let out a delighted, dramatic laugh that made a few heads turn. "Magnificent? Perfect? Trainer, you speak of the sun rising as if it is a surprise!" He began to walk, his long-legged gait forcing you into a near-jog to keep up, tucked tightly against his side.

"The stage was already set, the audience was clamoring for their star! Could I, their benevolent, ever radiant Overlord, truly deliver anything less than a masterwork?"

"Never," you agreed breathlessly, a grin plastered on your face. You were feeding the beast, but you didn't care, it felt good. Intoxicatingly good.

"That final push on the home stretch… your form was just impeccable. You left them all in the dust."

His pace slowed, and he stopped completely, before turning his entire

body to face you. The world seemed to shrink to the space between the two of you. A huge hand, coming down to rest on your shoulder. The weight of it was grounding despite being a casual pat, the sheer difference in size was telling.

"Haha! So you were watching the finer details of my performance then?" he purred, his smile softening into something more conspiratorial. His other hand soon followed, and a single long finger tipped your chin, tilting your face further upwards so your eyes were locked on his. His gaze glittering with manic self-satisfaction.

"You were there, watching me, and only me, weren't you? As it should be. You appreciate true artistry when you see it." His face dipped lower, his breath warm against your cheek. "Tell me again, Trainer," he whispered, his voice a velvet rumble that vibrated through his hand into your shoulder. "Tell me how brightly I shone for you."

And you would have, as many times as it took. But the world dissolved into a blinding blitz of flashing cameras and shouting voices. Your whispered conversation completely swallowed by the sudden onslaught of his public.

Reporters shoved microphones towards his face, fans pressed programs and markers as close as they could get, all clamoring for a piece of the Overlord. You were instantly relegated to the role of a squire, a silent, burdened figure in the orbit of a king.

But that was alright, it came with the territory. Even though it was overwhelming at times, it could also be nice. To fade away into the sea of lights and senseless noise, to take away some of that attention.

With his heavy gear bag slung over one shoulder, his plush towel draped over an arm, and his neatly folded change of clothes clutched in your hand, you became his shadow. Opera, of course, navigated the storm with an effortless, practiced grace.

He'd offer a dazzling smile for a camera, an extroverted, captivating quote for a reporter—"Destiny called, and I, its humble servant, merely answered!"—and a magnanimous wave to his fans, all while remaining utterly unburdened.

All you had to do meanwhile was keep his belongings close and keep pace in the crush of the crowd, your world a chaotic mess of jostling elbows and shouting faces.

The procession felt like it stretched for an eternity, a triumphant

march from the track to the private racer facilities. Finally though, with a polite but firm gesture to a security guard, he slipped through a door marked for authorized personnel only, and you hurried in right behind.

The sudden quiet was deafening. You were in one of the new, sleek racer prep rooms, a long space lined with polished benches, tall metal lockers, and a wall dominated by a massive, brightly lit mirror. Seemingly a highly requested addition, given the intricate nature of some of the racers' costumes.

You let out a breath you didn't realize you'd been holding, the silence a balm after the sensory assault outside. The heavy bag slid from your shoulder and landed on the bench with a heavy thud, and you carefully placed his towel and clothes beside it. The relief in your muscles was immediate.

Opera, however, paid no mind to any of the discarded gear or breaths of your fatigue. He naturally drifted towards the mirror as if pulled by a magnetic force, his gait still as regal as it was on the turf.

He stopped before his reflection, head held high, and simply stared. It wasn't simple vanity; it was a deeper, more fervent communion. His fingers rising slowly to trace the line of his own jaw in the reflection, eyes alight with a fire of pure passion.

"Hah..." he breathed, his voice echoing slightly in the quiet room. "What a vision. The very image of triumph." He leaned closer, his breath fogging a small patch of the glass. "Even caked in the grime of the battlefield, this brilliance cannot be contained. No, it is only enhanced! This... this is the visage of an Overlord who has earned his glory!"

He was practically raving at himself, turned his head from side to side, admiring every angle. "This poor mirror... how it must struggle to contain such regality, such radiance. It ought to crack from the sheer stress of reflecting such perfection!"

Assuming your duties were paused while he engaged in his usual ritual, you took a half-step back towards the door. "Alright, Opera," you said quietly, trying not to earn his ire from breaking his trance. "I'll be right outside. Just let me know when you're ready to go."

You reached for the handle, but his voice stopped you cold.

"Stay."

It wasn't anything exceptional, no dramatic stage voice. It was low, calm, easily accepted as a light request. You froze, your hand hovering over the door handle. He hadn't even turned around, his gaze still fixed on the mirror, watching your own frozen reflection.

A small laugh escaped you. "Oh, well, if you need anything else let me know. I just figured you'd want some privacy to change and..."

This time however, he did turn. He moved with a kind of grace that seemed to make the room shrink, which had much to do with the immense height and powerful frame suddenly filling the space next to you.

But the playful light in his eyes was gone, replaced by a look of flat, unquestionable authority.

"And I said, stay, Trainer." His voice was still quiet, but there was a certain steel within it that you could tell was intentionally making itself known. "Was my instruction unclear?"

Your throat went dry. The casual entitlement making any thoughts of non-positive response seem weird. You could only shake your head, your own reflection looking small and pale behind his towering form. You slowly retracted your hand from the door.

After a moment of tense silence that stretched your nerves taut, his expression shifted again. The imperious mask dissolved, replaced by that usual charming, playful smile.

"Excellent," he chirped, as if you had just passed some crucial test. He turned his back to you, presenting the intricately designed clasps and leather straps that held the gilded pauldrons to his shoulders. The metal gleamed under the bright fluorescent lights.

"Now then," he began, his tone once again that of a magnanimous diva bestowing a great honor. "The Overlord has exerted himself quite enough for one day, don't you think? A performance of that caliber is significantly draining!" He lifted an arm slightly, a clear invitation.

"My adoring public has received their spectacle. Now, it is your turn to show your appreciation in a more practical manner. Assist me in removing my clothing." He tilted her head back, his light orange bangs falling away to give you a clear view of her triumphant, expectant smile.

"It is a simple request, no? A small service in exchange for the grand

victory I delivered. I wish for you to do it for me."

A fragile, nervous laugh bubbled up from your chest, a weak defense against the sheer, unvarnished absurdity of the situation. "Me?" you stammered, taking an involuntary step back. "Opera, I... I don't think that's... appropriate. I'm your trainer, not your… uh…" You trailed off, unable to find the right word. Handmaiden? Valet?

Yet, he didn't turn around. He simply watched your flustered reflection in the mirror, a delicate, wounded sigh escaping his lips. The sound was far more cutting than any actual reprimand you could've received.

"Trainer," he repeated softly, his voice laced with a clear disappointment that twisted something in your gut. "Yes. The one who guided my steps. The one who witnessed my glorious struggle and my ultimate triumph. I should think my trainer, of all people, would understand, that one could easily grow weary after such a display." He finally tilted his head, catching your eye in the mirror.

"Are you truly so unwilling to provide this small comfort? After I shone so brightly for you? I confess... I find your hesitation a little... disheartening."

The guilt was a physical weight, expertly and precisely applied. To refuse now would not be a matter of professionalism, but rather a personal insult, a rejection of the victory itself.

"...No," you managed, the word feeling foreign on your tongue. "Of course not, Opera. I'm sorry. I'll... I can help."

"I knew you would understand," he said, his brilliant smile returning to his reflection as if your compliance had been a foregone conclusion.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

How good is that dick?!

Yes Opera! Yesssss!

WHO MADE THAT MESS

YOU DID OPERAAAA

Chapter Notes

Please kill me

Gonna give him a dick in later chapters just so you know

Content warning for MASSIVE fucking dick and balls

Taking a singular, steadying breath, you closed the distance, stepping close into the powerful field of heat that radiated from his body. It was like approaching a furnace.

The air was full of that scent you knew all too well at this point, a potent cocktail of the summer humidity, the salty tang of hard-won sweat, and that heady, earthy musk of an umamusume at their physical peak.

It was intoxicating and invasive, and it filled your lungs with every single fucking breath you took. You were standing behind a living, breathing monument to power, and your job was to dismantle its armor.

Your fingers felt clumsy and small as you reached for the ornate golden pauldron on his right shoulder. The metal was warm from his body heat, the leather straps soaked underneath. As you fumbled with the buckle, your knuckles brushed against the hot, slick skin of his neck. Beneath the surface you were more than aware of the muscles that resembled coiled steel cable, but feeling it under your hands was different.

"Ah, yes... there," he purred, watching your hands intently in the mirror. "Even as the great Overlord’s armor is stripped away, the powerful frame beneath is a masterpiece of its own, is it not? The

foundation of my glory." He paused, his gaze in the mirror demanding an answer. "Don't you agree, Trainer? Is this not the physique of a true champion?"

"...Yes, Opera," you mumbled, finally getting the clasp undone. The heavy pauldron came free, a visible plume of steamy sweat rising as you carefully set it on the bench. "It is."

You moved to the other shoulder, the process repeating itself. His stupidmonologue continuing, a running commentary of self-worship. "Each piece of this armor is a burden I bear for my adoring fans. But I do it because I must; because they would be lost without a radiant, shining star to guide them!"

Next were the gauntlets. He held out one long, powerful arm for you, and you took it gently in your hands. It was like trying to hold up a block of marble, you could hardly even wrap your own hands around it. You unbuckled the straps, dragging it down off his wrist and over his hand. His giant… perfect… soft hands… slick with perspiration.

Catching you staring for a second too long elicited a goofy smile to carve itself on his face. “These hands," he mused, flexing his giant fingers, the several golden rings catching the light. "The very instruments that guided my charge to the finish line. They possess a strength you can scarcely imagine, yet a touch as delicate as a poet's. You can feel the sheer power in them, can't you?"

"Yes, absolutely," you replied automatically, your voice barely a whisper. Your own hands seemed fragile and weak in comparison, his could easily engulf your own…

But even as you continued going, piece by piece across his attire, the most daunting part was easily the golden plackart covering his torso.

To reach the clasps at his side and back, you had to press yourself directly against him, your chest brushing against the damp, broad expanse of his back. You could feel the steady, powerful rhythm of his heartbeat, a deep thumping that seemed to vibrate right through you. He leaned back slightly, a subtle movement that increased the contact, that pressed you two together.

"To be so close to the heart of the Overlord..." he whispered, his voice a low, vibrating purr. "The very heart of the king who will go on to reign above all umamusume. It must be quite an overwhelming sensation for you."

The heat, the smell, the proximity—it was all too much. Your face was burning up. As soon as you unfastened the final clasp of the chest piece and lifted it away, a desperate need to escape took over. You moved to the hem of his racing top, your movements becoming hurried, impersonal. You just wanted to get the fabric off, get this over with, and retreat to the safety of the hallway.

Your fingers had just hooked under the material when his hand shot out, catching your wrist.

The grip wasn't painful, but it was strong, stronger than any force you were capable of putting out. His fingers wrapped around your wrist so easily, stopping you dead. Your breath hitched in your throat. You looked up, not at him, but at his reflection.

The smile was gone. His purple eyes were narrowed, her expression one of cold, sharp disappointment.

"Trainer," he said, and his voice was like chips of ice, all the theatrical vibrancy and warmth stripped away. "What is this? This haste. Do you handle a priceless artifact with such clumsy urgency? Is this a chore for you? An unpleasant task to be rushed through?"

He turned his head, looking at you directly over his shoulder now, his gaze pinning you to the spot. The power in that look stole the air from your lungs.

"No," he stated, his voice dangerously quiet. "This is not a task. This is an honor, for you to even be here. You are tending to the Overlord. Every clasp, every buckle, every layer of fabric should be handled with the reverence it is due. You are to proceed as if you are unwrapping the most precious treasure in the world. Because, Trainer, you are."

He slowly, deliberately, released your wrist. The skin tingled where her fingers had been.

"Now," he commanded, turning his gaze back to the mirror. "Let us begin again. From the top. Slowly. Properly. Show me you understand the privilege you have been given."

Your heart hammered against your ribs, a frantic, chastened rhythm. The lesson had been delivered and received. This was not a task; it was a performance, a ritual, and you had forgotten your lines.

Watching your reflection in the mirror, Opera’s lips curved into a

slow, satisfied smile. The cold spite vanished as quickly as it had appeared, replaced once more by his default state of sparkly, radiant royalty. The shift was jarring, but you understood now that the sparkle was merely the surface of a deep, unyielding ocean of will.

"That's much better," he cooed, his good humor restored. "Now, where were we? Ah, yes. The finer details."

You moved back into his personal space, the intense heat of his body once again enveloping you. This time, you approached your task with the solemnity of a priest. Your fingers, as steady as you could will them to be, went to the ornate necklace and the medals adorning his chest.

You worked the clasp at the nape of his neck, your fingertips brushing against the fine, damp hairs there. His skin was impossibly smooth, perfect in every regard you could really think of. As the jewelry came free, you laid it carefully on the plush towel you'd brought.

"Even these trinkets and decorations, a bauble to signify a past glory," he murmured, admiring the unadorned column of his throat in the mirror. "But they are merely ornamentation. They cannot hope to compete with the natural splendor they rest upon, but of course they do well to reflect my shine."

Next, he held out one of her massive hands, palm up. "The rings," he commanded softly.

You took his hand in both of yours. It dwarfed them completely. The heat and strength in her palm were staggering. One by one, with painstaking delicacy, you slid each of the golden rings from his long, elegant fingers. The bands were warm, the metal weighty as you cupped them reverently in your hands.

"Your hands are so minuscule, trainer," he sighed happily. "Even with both of them here, it's almost as if they are merely a pedestal. But you can tell can't you, even for all their sublime beauty, how strong they are. You must feel it, surely?"

"I feel it," you breathed, the words coming out before you could stop them. You placed the rings with the necklace, their combined weight seeming trivial.

Finally, the ornaments on his ears. This required a level of intimacy that made your stomach clench. You had to reach up, nearly crawling in him, your arm brushing against the curve of his jaw, your body

pressed lightly against his side.

His pointed ear twitched almost imperceptibly as your fingers found the small, golden clips. You could see the fine pores of his beautiful skin, the individual, dark lashes that framed his rapturous purple eyes as he watched your every move in the glass.

With all her jewelry removed, only the thin, sweat-dampened racing top remained. You stood there for a moment, holding your breath, before reaching for the hem of the garment. Your movements were different now—slow, reverent, exactly as she had commanded.

You didn't want to disappoint. So you did, you took the fabric between your fingers and began to lift.

Inch by agonizing inch, the shirt peeled away from his skin with a faint, moist sound. The first thing to be revealed was the taut, his plane of his lower back, the deep valley of her spine flanked by the toned expanse of muscle that shifted and contracted with his breathing. As you lifted higher, the incredible, flaring expanse of his lats came into view, tapering up to powerful shoulders etched with definition.

You saw his own breath catch in the mirror. A faint, rosy flush began to creep up his neck, coloring his cheeks. His lips parted slightly. He was no longer watching you. He was utterly, completely captivated by the vision of himself being slowly unveiled.

You pulled the shirt up and over his head, his arms lifting gracefully to allow it. For a brief, blissful moment, your view was obscured. Then, the garment was free in your hands, and he stood before the mirror, his upper body completely bare.

"Oh..." The sound that escaped him was not his usual boom, but a soft, thick whisper of pure awe. "Incredible..."

He reached out a hand, not to his own body, but to his reflection, as if to touch something holy. His fingertips traced the sharp line of her collarbone, the powerful curve of his deltoids.

"What a perfect form," he breathed, his voice thick with something akin to arousal. "Look... look at the definition. The striations in the muscle. Not a single flaw." He turned slightly, admiring his own profile, the way the light carved shadows under his toned abdomen.

His hand moved lower, cupping the underside of one of his own full,

firm breasts, lifting it slightly. "Everything is... perfectly sculpted. Perfectly proportioned. Strong, yet soft. It is almost too beautiful to be real." He flexed a bicep, and the muscle swelled into a flawless peak. The blush on his cheeks deepened as he stared, utterly mesmerized. "A living, breathing work of art."

It was too much. You couldn't watch this. You couldn't be a third party to this level of intense, private self love. The second the shirt was free, you averted your gaze, your eyes snapping down to stare intently at your own shoes.

"Isn't it divine, Trainer?" He asked, his voice dreamy and distant. "Have you ever laid your eyes upon such perfection?"

"It's... amazing, Opera," you forced out, your voice tight and strangled.

You were left holding his shirt, a damp, warm piece of fabric that felt impossibly intimate in your hands. Needing something, anything, to hide behind, you brought it up to your face, pretending to fold it neatly. The shirt was still warm from his body, and it carried his scent, completely undiluted and overwhelming.

The sharp, clean smell of his sweat, of a body pushed to its absolute limit, filled your senses. You took a deep, involuntary breath, and the intoxicating scent flooded your lungs, making your head swim. It was your only shield from the sight in the mirror, but it was a trap all its own, pulling your nose deeper into it.

Your desperate attempt to hide was, of course, futile. In the vast mirror, your hunched form, face buried in his racing top, was perfectly visible. An amused chuckle snickered its way out from above you.

"Trainer?" His voice was a silken ribbon of sound, playful and smug beyond belief. "My dear Trainer, what are you doing all the way over there? And why do you hide your lovely face so? Come now." He beckoned with a flick of his fingers, a king summoning a courtier. "Come closer."

You remained frozen, clutching the shirt like a shield. His smile in the mirror widened, a look of profound, patronizing understanding on his face.

"Ah," he sighed, as if finally solving a puzzle. "I see it now. You are simply... overwhelmed. You look upon perfection, but you do not truly comprehend it. Your senses are flooded, and you retreat. It is like

showing a symphony to one who has only ever known silence. I understand."

He turned from the mirror then, a slow, sweeping movement that commanded the empty room all to himself. The full force of his presence—his towering height, his radiant, bare-chested glory, the sheer heat rolling off his skin—was now aimed directly at you.

"You need a guide," he declared, his voice filled with magnanimous purpose. "An interpreter to help you appreciate the art you are seeing."

He took a step towards you, and you took an involuntary step back, bumping into the bench. He stopped, his smile never faltering, and gently, with inescapable firmness, he took hold of the shirt in your hands. His fingers brushed yours as she pried the fabric from your grasp.

"We won't be needing this barrier between us," he murmured, tossing the garment aside onto the bench. Your last shield was gone. He then took both of your hands in hers. The feeling was electric and terrifying. Your trembling hands were completely swallowed by his large, warm, powerful ones, your resistance feeling as meaningless as a moth's struggle in a fist.

"You avert your eyes because you do not know how to look," he explained, his tone now that of a patient, passionate teacher. He began to pull you forward, away from the bench and back towards the center of the room, towards the mirror. "Trainer, you must learn not just to see, but to feel."

He turned you to face him and placed your hands, still held within his, upon the warm, firm plane of his stomach. "Here," he whispered, his voice a low, instructional hum. "Shall I map it out for you, one by one? Feel this." His hands pressed yours flat against him, forcing you to acknowledge the taught skin, the unyielding wall of muscle beneath.

“It is not cold like stone. It is alive. It is tempered steel, but soft is it not? Follow the lines... This is the strength that carried me past all my rivals, the strength you helped to create."

Your fingers trembled against his skin, but his hands were a firm cage over yours, guiding your touch. He moved your hands slowly upwards, over the defined ridges of his ribs, the sensation sending a jolt through your entire body.

"And here," he continued, guiding your hands to his broad shoulders, "is the broad, hilt that bares these features. Feel the perfect, rounded curve of the deltoid. All of this, every single part, is what makes a body worthy of the name ‘Overlord’." He made you wrap one of your hands around his bicep; your fingers couldn’t even meet on the other side. The muscle was dense and potent even at rest.

Then, with the same serene, smug confidence, he guided your hands lower, moving them inwards from your position on his ribs until they rested on the full, firm curve of his breasts. Your breath caught in a strangled gasp, your entire body going rigid.

"Shhh," he soothed, sensing your panic. "Do not be afraid. Even here, there is only perfection. Part of the masterpiece. There is strength and softness, the perfect balance that completes the whole. It is all one grand, harmonious design. You must understand the whole to appreciate any single part." His hands were insistent over yours, forcing a gentle, exploring pressure that you were too terrified to initiate yourself.

Your trembling only seemed to convince him that you were still too distant from the truth. A frustrated, yet fond sigh escaped him. "You are still fighting it. Struggling to find an excuse when you need only give in."

With a swift, fluid motion that you were powerless to resist, he pulled you into himself. Your forward momentum sent you stumbling into his embrace, and he wrapped one powerful arm around your back, holding you fast. With his other hand, he gently but insistently guided your head downwards until your cheek was pressed firmly against the warm, hard wall of his stomach.

Your senses were on fire just about as much as your pride..

The world dissolved, shrinking down entirely to that . There was only the intense, radiating heat of his body, the firm press of his toned muscle against your face, and his scent. Oh his scent… It was overwhelming, an undiluted flood of warm skin, salt, and musk. You were drowning in him. Your mind went blank, all thought erased by pure sensory overload.

Just as you felt you might faint, he shifted, turning you both until you were facing the mirror once more. He held you pinned against her, his arm a steel band around your back, and used his free hand to tilt your chin up, forcing you to look at the reflection.

The sight in the mirror was a surreal portrait of submission. There he was: the towering, radiant king, flushed with exertion and pride, his body a canvas of perfection. And there you were: small, captive, face pressed intimately against his bare stomach, your expression one of lazy eyed haziness.

"Now, look," he purred, his voice a triumphant vibration that traveled from his body directly into yours. "Look at us, Trainer. See the artist and his admirer. See how you are completely enveloped by my glory. This is how it should be."

His grip tightened slightly, before turning your face back to his body.

"This is how you will learn to truly see me."

End Notes

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

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